

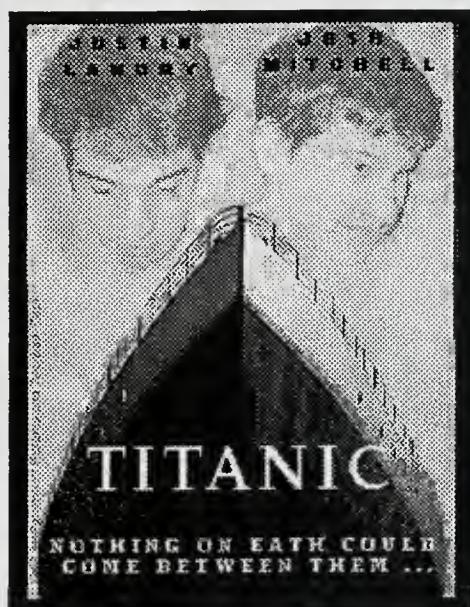
S E L W Y N H O U S E S C H O O L

THE FORUM

(Plus a few articles from ECS, The Study, & Traf)

Wednesday, May 27, 1998

Coming Soon, to a Theater Near You...



INSIDE:

Person of the Year

Dave Anderson is *The Forum's* unlikely hero:
Read an the exclusive
interview with Mark
Turetsky: p.5

PHOTO SECTION

The Forum has com-
piled for you a a pleas-
ant spread of SHS Cast
Party pictures: p.11-13

TEENS & ALCOHOL:

The Parents' Problem

Jordan Goldwarg writes
that the cancellation of
the Grade 9 Spring Ball
After-Party was a huge
mistake: p.7

The Funnies:

Top 10 Grad Dates: p.3
IN/OUT's: p.4
Want Ads: p.6
Deep Thoughts: p.21
Word Jumble: p.26
Jeremy B. Index: p.26
SHS Index: p.30

SPRING BALL & ENGLISH ASSIGNMENTS

Kick 'Em When They're Down

By David Anderson, SHS

As I write this, it is Sunday night. For all two of you who didn't know, Spring Ball was last Friday. You missed it, get over it. Yes, I got a date, she was nice (personality) and attractive, and I will be speaking to her in the future. However, all was not right. Something was rotten in Denmark. Despite this yearly event which is restricted to students in Grades Nine to Eleven with a lot of money themselves or wealthy and generous parents, the English Department decided to make a

Book Talk due on Monday. To top it all off, Ms. Biggs' Grade Eleven class had a Hamlet test to do on the day of the Spring Ball.

Although I could comment on the fact that sources tell me the test was very difficult due to the requirement of knowledge of all of the major speeches in the play, this is not what I'm here to write about. I'm here to write about the blatantly obvious folly in scheduling assignments and tests around such large and important social events. (I spent in excess of \$500 for the things I needed for my Spring Ball. THAT'S how big it is.)

I realize that everyone was at least meant to know that the Book

Talk was due on Monday since September, when those stapled sheets saying exactly what we would be doing in English and when were handed out, and that if any complaints similar to this one were made, the English Department would counter, stating that we've known about it for a while to turn down all requests for any sort of extension. This isn't isolated to this year, though; the same thing happened last year, though there was no test for anyone on the Friday of the Spring Ball. Several people hadn't completed their Book Talks, and, when and if called upon, simply said they didn't do it and they'll take the twenty percent lateness penalty. One person, who shall remain nameless, since the editors would censor out his name anyway, attempted to use a book he had read the year before with Dr. Harker; unfortunately, Ms. Biggs was to whom he was meant to dictate his Book Talk, but didn't get that chance since she immediately gave him a zero for his failed attempt to recycle an old assignment. On top of this, he had to give a fresh book talk upon his return from the March Break. And his zero wasn't going to be changed (needless to say, it was a pretty horrendous Book Talk.) I had mine done a long time ago,

because I feared the English teachers would all simultaneously become S.O.B.s (or just B.s) and make us do our Book Talks upon returning from the storm. Of course, my fears were overly pessimistic, as most didn't have power for every single missed day of school (I was one of the more fortunate ones and only lost power for three days.) But some people still haven't done their Book Talks, since they were not as pessimistic as I am, and won't sober up from the After-Party and feel up to preparing their Talk until the day it's due.

The Spring Ball requires a lot of time and money for it to work properly for someone personally. A suit must be rented or purchased along with a corsage, and a date obtained. Due to my somewhat short notice, Caleb Bouharie (P.S. thanks for setting me up) couldn't get me a date until Wednesday night. I had to buy a corsage and my suit Thursday afternoon (I skipped my last day of gym to get this accomplished (sorry, Mr. Downey. You know how it is, right?)) I'm sure I wasn't the only one in such a situation. If I had had the Hamlet test on Friday, I would have failed it. I probably would have failed it anyway, but I would have failed it

continued on p.3

MORE DAVE!!!

continued from p.2

worse, and I know this test counts for a substantial portion of Ms. Biggs' Grade Elevens' English averages.

I currently predict low scores on the Hamlet test, and mediocre marks on the Book Talks that actually are done. personally, I feel that no major assignments should have been due for anybody in Grades Nine to Eleven no later than two weeks prior to the Spring Ball and no earlier than the Thursday after. I understand that there was a bit of a crunch due to the eight days of school missed during Ice Storm '98. The crunch has been harder on us than teachers think (or so it seems) (though I'm sure the teachers had trouble keeping up with their work as well.) Eight consecutive weeks of school is hard on all but the most masochistic students and teachers. There could still be ways around this. The Book Talk could have been due in February, and the Hamlet test could have waited another week. I had a pretty boring weekend, but not because I had work; others had work and hangovers, and my Fillet of Atlantic Salmon felt like it had come to life in my stomach and tried to swim upstream in search of spawning grounds. And then there was the school work on top of this. Ever felt like you've just been kicked while you're down? This is one of those cases, and here's a tip to the English department: "Don't kick a man when he's down-he might get up."

Editor's note: The next round of Book Talks were held on Tuesday, May 19, the first day back following Victoria Day Weekend (ie. SHS grad). I wonder what Dave had to say about that...



Alexandre Bellmare-Davis overdoses on Viagra

Top Ten Things To Look For In A Grad Date

By Julia Fleek, ECS

10. Someone who wears a Selwyn grad ring
9. Someone who breathes
8. Someone who can Get Jiggy With It
7. Someone who won't hook up with your best friend
6. Someone who won't mind if you hook up with his best friend
5. Someone who can unhook, unzip and unbutton all at the same time
4. Someone who will smile through all the pictures your parents will take
3. Someone who can easily be smuggled across the border
2. Someone who will remember your name once the weekend is over
1. Bourne!

What's HOT & What's NOT AT SELWYN HOUSE

IN

Winnie the Pooh
Doing well in Histoire
 The Sound of Silence

Mr. Downey charging the ebonite rod vigorously with the fun fur
 Roberto Gomez (he thinks)
JOLLY PECHEURS

Dave C. & Dave K.
Contract in Mme. W's class

Day 4

Jeremie Clarke's glasses
Munzar's notes

Trevor's YM magazine

Jerry Springer in Geography

Free hand drawings

Robinson
 Razors

OUT

Piglet
Listening in Histoire
 The Sound of Lotfi and Nuss
 arguing
Club Super Sexe

 Leonardo DiCaprio
QUARTER FOOTBALL
 The NRA
Selling your soul to the devil
 Easter Monday
 Contact lenses
Paying attention in class
 Trevor's agenda
The weather network in Geography
 Straight edges
Robinson's "Friends"
 Sarib's mustache

Clarification

Sorry, but this has nothing to do with ECS and Selwyn's celebrity couple. Rather, this is an apology to Christopher Cheung. The Forum unwittingly insulted this Grade 10 student by printing an IN/OUT 'out' item labelled "Cheech & Chong (Chan & Cheung)." We are not in the business of insulting our classmates to the point that they feel excluded. We try, instead, to make witty commentary that everyone finds funny. Sorry, Christopher, and I hope you will accept our sincere apologies.

- Jeremy Baskin, Editor

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PERSON OF THE YEAR

Dave Anderson, Esq.

The Forum has decided to institute a Person of the Year contest. The winner, who will be awarded the Algernon Prize for overall ability, is Dave Anderson.

Everyone's seen him around school. Shuffling in every morning, fashionably late, despite his living mere seconds from the school, munching on Jos Louis at recess, Dave has become an icon of Selwyn House School. Dedicated, devoted, and often-times just plain weird, Dave is an unsolvable puzzle, for who knows what evil lurks in the heart of Dave Anderson, *The Forum's* Person of the Year?

Entrusted with the inaugural interview for The Forum's Person of the Year award, I met up with Dave after weight training class, at Dave's house. As he led me down into his room, a characteristic crunch followed underfoot wherever I stepped, amplified by discarded wrappers and even compact discs. Dave motioned for me to sit down, and after clearing some computer magazines off what I believe was a chair, gingerly took a seat.

MT: You've been described as "postal." Now what exactly does

that mean?

DA: I wanna kill...

MT: You wanna kill? Who do you wanna kill?

DA: Everyone!

MT: Everyone..... okay.... Well, I noticed you have lots of guns in your house, exactly how many do you have?

DA: Thirty sounds about right

MT: Thirty guns... and what do you plan to do with these guns?

DA: I'm not allowed to release that information right now, you'll find out soon enough.

MT: Does this have anything to do with your being "postal" as they call it?

DA: No comment.

MT: Your room has been described as a "cave" by Dave-ologist* Ian Ratzer, how do you respond to these allegations?

DA: He's right.

MT: Yeah, I look around and I see old magazines, pants, cans of things, and video tapes, it's really mind-boggling how much litter you actually have on the floor of your room. Would you say that within a few years the litter will actually biodegrade and form a sort of topsoil, making the floor of your room ripe for planting?

DA: I think that will happen before a few years' time.

MT: Set your sights high and you might achieve that some day.

What did you think when it was announced that you were going to be *The Forum's* Person of the Year?

DA: (long pause) Whatever.

MT: Whatever... You weren't shocked, or amazed, or glad, or proud?

DA: No.

MT: You were just.... Dave?

DA: Yeah. That is correct.

MT: What do you think of The Forum's editing staff? Jeremy Baskin comes to mind...

DA: They're at the top of THE LIST [at this point the interviewee had to be calmed down by consuming three Jos Louis and a can of orange crush, the interview was continued thereafter]

MT: The top of your hit list?

DA: Yes.

MT: So, what do you think of The Forum's photo editor, the brilliant Mark Turetsky, who's.... brilliant?

DA: He's on the list.

MT: Well, thanks for this interview with The Forum, I'm sure you're an inspiration to us all.

DA: You're gonna die. [At this point the interviewer had to flee for fear of dying]

* *Dave-ology* is the study of Dave.

GRADE NINE 'HUMOR'

Classifieds: WANT ADS SHS, Grade 9

Less fumes	-Tyler Chernin
A lightweight portable chair	-Leslie Chau
A Mask	-Jerome Miller
More Mascara	-Matt Gore
A Communist rule	-Thompson Choi
Even more Mascara	-Matt Gore
Bigger glasses	-Jeremy Clarke
A new agenda	-Trevor Parekh
Rehab	-Lucas Garby
Industrial strength, metal gardening shears	-Brandon Shiller

By: CHED, DJ JET, and The Munz

Editor's note: Grade 9 "humor?"
Well, I dunno. For you ECS girls,
coming up next issue: Interview
with Ed Morin!

Justin Landry: A Man with a Mission

By Matthew Munzar, SHS

I was recently appointed the position of "Interviewer-in-chief" by the Editor-in-chief of The Forum, Jeremy Baskin. So to exercise my power, I decided to sit down with Justin Landry, the backbone and founding father of Grade 9 humor.

Munz: All right Justin, lets just take this nice and slow, you don't have to answer anything you don't want, but in my interviews I like to ask the questions everyone is anxious to know.

Mr. Landry: Oh God.

Munz : Uh-huh. Let's start with the basics. What are your views on the new Canadian balanced budget of '98?

Mr. Landry : Hey, I'll balance your budget!!

Munz : Ouch. So how does it feel to have influenced so many people with your humor?

Mr. Landry : It's hard to explain.

Munz: Humor me.

Mr. Landry: The square root of 69?!

Munz: What?!

Mr. Landry: I'll pass on that one.

Munz: What is your relationship with Joshua Mitchell?

Mr. Landry: Strictly business.

Munz: What is your favorite class?

Mr. Landry: Computers, I like looking up p—

Munz: I'll stop you right there.

This is Matthew Munzar signing off, until next time. Read the next issue of The Forum when I interview someone important.

TEENAGE DRINKING

The Parents' Problem

By Jordan Goldwarg, SHS

Like most Selwyn students, I was surprised to hear that the Grade Nines were not going to have a Spring Ball after-party this year. In so doing, they were denied an important rite of passage that countless Selwyn boys have experienced before them. The reason, as far as I know, why the party did not happen, was that parents were unhappy about the fact that 14-year-olds were being served alcohol. Most students that I talked to, however, were very upset about the decision, which leads me to think that there was a breakdown somewhere in the communications department.

The issue of teenage drinking is multi-faceted, and it is only further complicated by the fact that we live in one of the most liberal cities in North America. In Montreal, the unofficial drinking age is 16, but many bars seem to employ the old

philosophy that if you can see over the bar, you can order a drink. In a climate such as this, it requires very effective education as well as a good, open relationship between

parents and kids to make sure that the message about underage drinking gets out.

The responsibility of teaching awareness about alcohol and drugs rests ultimately with parents.

They are the ones who must set guidelines for their kids, and establish for them what is acceptable. If North Americans look at the European model, they will see a society that is much more open about alcohol. It is normal for parents there to serve wine to their children with meals from a very young age, and in so doing,

they are able to teach their kids about drinking at an age when they are still willing to listen.

For example, when I was in France last year with the rugby tour,

I went to visit my dad's cousin for dinner, and he insisted that I have a beer with the food. I had just turned 16, and at first, I thought he was joking, but I soon realized that

alcohol is just part of the culture. On this side of the Atlantic, adults, by prohibiting their kids to drink alcohol, only build it up into something it shouldn't be. "If only

adults can drink, it must be something really special." The best way to get a child to want something is by denying him access to it. If kids have been having wine with dinner every night for five years, they will see no reason to go out and get piss-drunk just for the hell of it. If parents can't

teach their kids about alcohol, nobody else can.

In the case of the Grade Nine after-party, some parents were concerned that if they served alcohol to kids, it would validate for the kids the belief that alcohol is necessary to have a good time socially. I believe, however, that by having parents serve alcohol, it only reinforces in teens the idea of drinking responsibly.

In Grade 10, I was at a party in Vancouver where there were adults serving beer. If any-

continued on p.8

AFTER PARTIES & ALCOHOL

continued from p.7

thing, that had the effect of making the people there drink less, since everybody was afraid of embarrassing themselves in front of their friend's parents. If having parents at parties will cause teens to drink less that can only be a good thing. As well, the Grade Nine parents at Selwyn, to show that you do not need alcohol to have fun, could have taken it upon themselves to organize a dry party the weekend after Spring Ball.

As it was, a large number of Grade Nines either went drinking downtown after the Ball, or else went to the Grade Ten or Grade Eleven after-parties. By not having an after-party, the drinking was not stopped; it was only moved to a different venue. If I

were a parent, I think I would much rather have my kid drinking in the safety of my house than in a bar on St.-Laurent.

All this debate leads to the larger debate about what we want in society. We have to decide, in Montreal, if we are going to find it acceptable for underage kids to drink. If we do, then not much has to change. If we don't, however, then there has to be alternatives. In a city as exciting as ours, most teens are not satisfied by just seeing a movie on Saturday night anymore. We want other venues where we can socialize, and we don't see anything out there besides bars and coffee houses. (Parents should be just as concerned about coffee houses, since many teens smoke in them, and smoking has a much better chance of killing you than

alcohol.) If suitable alternatives can be found and publicized, then I think that most teens would go to them.

Ultimately, the responsibility for educating kids about alcohol starts at home. In a perfect world, we wouldn't need drinking ages, since all kids would start drinking when they knew they were ready to. Since we don't live in a perfect world, though, it is up to parents to decide when their child is old enough to go to a party where they know alcohol is going to be served. There could have been a Spring Ball after-party. If a parent didn't want her son there, all she had to do was say no. There was no reason, though, to prevent those kids who are mature enough to drink from having a good, responsible time at a party.

Ribbons For All Occasions

By Seth Ross

Cellophane ribbon: Worn in protest against being forced to wear ribbons

Leopard-skin ribbon: Worn to show support for unemployed porn stars

Sequined ribbon: Worn to protest the use of leopard skin for ribbons

Toilet paper ribbon: Worn to protest the ruthless theft of SHS toilet paper

Styrofoam ribbon: Worn in solidarity for those forced to eat microwave TV dinners

Black-with-red-polka-dots ribbon: Worn to support trans-sexual necrophiliacs

Black-and-yellow-striped ribbon: Worn to promote awareness of killer bees

Copper foil ribbon: Worn in sympathy for victims of Van de Graaff generators

Gold lamay ribbon: Worn to protest the unfair treatment of goldfish

Blinking lights ribbon: Worn to commemorate the great blackout of '98

Neon ribbon: Worn to protest any further mention of Ice Storm '98

Plaid ribbon: Worn to promote awareness on the hearing damage caused by bagpipes

Polyester ribbon: Worn in sympathy for the plight of fashion victims around the world.

● MORE MUNZAR / UNPOPULAR MUSIC

A Day in the Life of Munz

By Matthew Munzar, SHS

Inspired by Tristan Schulz

6:00am: Wake up so I can get to school early to finish Tristan's homework.

7:59am: Finish after exhaustive work, then get beaten up by Tristan because there was a smudge on his paper.

8:00am: Photocopy last night's history homework for the class.

8:02am: Get a good morning beating from Teddy.

8:05am: Help everyone with their homework.

9:21am: Ridiculed in science class then beaten up by several class mates

10:32am: Hit on the head in math class while watching Ms. Wells and her chalk.

11:12am: Intercepted by Teddy and Tristan on the way to the bathroom, beaten up.

12:30pm: Getting hungry; when will it be lunch?

1:07pm: The old cutlery in the pocket trick.

1:55pm: Munzar private time.

1:57pm: Hit in the head with a tennis ball.

2:00pm: Ah, geography class, time to turn the clock up on Mr. Nincheri.

2:55pm: Gang beaten in the locker room.

4:30pm: Get homework assignments from Tristan to do for Monday.

5:30pm: Do everyone's homework, singlehandedly raising the class average above 69%.

6:00pm Go to sleep.

Bridges to Babylon

By Ian Ratzer, SHS

Quick. Name me some bands that were touring and releasing albums in your parents' time, and are still at it now. Funny, I can't think of any either. Well there's the Rolling Stones, but how old must they be by now?

Ancient, I'm sure. Well it's nothing short of a miracle on a Biblical level that Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Ronnie Wood, and Charlie Watt are at it again, with a new album and tour this past winter. The storm of the century took away Montreal's first chance to receive the Stones, but luckily the Olympic Stadium dates from this winter were moved to the Molson Center a few weeks ago. As a result, the band was better rested, having had more of a break before the show than before the tightly-packed standard dates. Also the acoustics of the Big Owe can't compare to the Molson Center.

In short, we were given a big treat. The opening

act -- and I kind of pity anyone who is given the honour-laden chore of opening for the Stones -- was really impressive. Wide Mouth Mason, a slick three-piece outfit, performed, for about an hour, a few of their bigger hits, plus a really great ten-minute Chicago blues jam. When the lights came up for the second time, that familiar opening riff from "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" rang through the place, and we all knew that in spite of their age, the Stones could still bring down the house. For about fifteen years, Mick Jagger had deserted that song, having been asked to sing it just one time too many. It and many other classics such as "19th Nervous Breakdown" and "Like a Rolling Stone" brought back many a fond memory.

Indeed, the majority of the concert consisted of old Stones favourites; the better performances included "Gimme Shelter," "Brown Sugar," "Jumping Jack

continued on p.10

Stones Roll Into Montreal

cont'd from p.9

Flash," and "You Can't Always Get What You Want." However, much as the first forty albums by the Stones are great (that's right, Bridges to Babylon is number 41), this tour is in support of the new album, and they just didn't perform enough songs from Bridges to Babylon to really call it a Bridges to Babylon tour.

And the album is very good. After the so-so "Voodoo Lounge" of 1994, this one is a nice, if not kind of alarming, example of what the Stones can still do. The hits are there. Obviously, the Stones' approach to songwriting has never changed, and they can still crank them out like they used to. Noteworthy tunes from the new album include "Saint of Me," "Flip the Switch," and "Anybody Seen My Baby?" It's hard to describe any of the new songs, other than the fact that they're *very* Stones-like. Most are more

on the mellow side, though there's the odd exception. There's a touch of reggae in "You Don't Have to Mean It" some soul in "How Can I Stop," and four bars of rap in "Anybody Seen My Baby?" Otherwise, it's Stones all the way, and a sure bet. But

how do they do it at their age?

Let's face it. These guys are cheating death. After what this band has been through over the years, there is absolutely no clinical explanation for their continued survival. They should be dead. The God of popular music is either playing a sick little game, seeing how long a band can stick it out until they need respirators and wheelchairs onstage, or telling us something about the importance of the Rolling Stones. Though I really doubt that our children will ever see the Rolling Stones on stage, the music's going to be around.

The New Volvo:

A car for the militant in you.

Slogans:

"Nuke the Joneses"

"Drive safely"

THE STONES INDEX

1. Number of Rolling Stones albums released to date: 41
2. Number of current Rolling Stones: 4
3. Cumulative Age of current Rolling Stones: 218 years
4. Estimated length of stage covered by Mick Jagger in a single concert: 16.8 km
5. Number of years since the Stones formed: 35
6. Average number of cigarettes consumed by Keith Richards during a concert: 12

By Dave Knecht and Dave Cameron

PHOTO ESSAY

Selwyn Players Celebrate

The Forum sent an investigative reporter, Michael O'Gorman, to the Selwyn House Cast Party, hosted by... Michael O'Gorman. Here are the finest pictures:



Clockwise, from top left:

*Won Jun's spinning:
outta control!*

Won Jun the celebrity

Ken Say stranded

Sean and Won Jun

MORE CAST PARTY PICTURES!!!



Hans Black celebrates (above)

*Zubonge and Gabe strutting their
stuff (below)*

Alex Black celebrates (above)

*Hans, Adrienne, and Christina table
dancing (below)*



MORE PHOTOGRAPHS!!!



The SHS girls (above)

Another exciting day of debating (below)



The ECS and Traf boys (above)

Caleb says goodbye to the world (below)



The Selwyn House

Wellness Letter

By Matt Osten, SHS

Although many people cite allergies as the most problematic illnesses associated with spring, recent medical research has led to the discovery of far more threatening and sinister diseases. The following is a list of the most menacing diseases:

Name: The Moroccan Flu (*mindlus ginous*)

Symptoms: This disease is characterized by the irrepressible urge to whip people with a Gucci belt, make up stories involving meeting the Spice Girls, argue that the world is flat, yell in a high-pitched squeal, fall desperately in love with at least three girls per week, foam at the mouth, and disturb "racial harmony."

Cures: Surround the diseased boy with members of the opposite sex.

Recommended recovery centres: Preferably 737, but any bar/club/restaurant which is ludicrously overpriced will do fine.

Current status: Look for Iraq to use this inhumane weapon during their next biological warfare attack.

Name: The Gomezian Virus (*homophobus extremus*)

Symptoms: This particular disorder can strike at any time that a student is involved in a physical education option which he dislikes. Once infected with the virus, a common cold could expand into a life-threatening illness and stay in host's system for a whopping three months (or until the end of the term).

Cures: Basketball

Recommended recovery centres: Fusion

Current Status: This virus is rumored to be chosen as the main cause of destruction in Dustin Hoffman's new film, "Outbreak 2: The Monkey from Mexico."

Name: Azimovitis (*anorexius denilus*)

Symptoms: This disease, which plagues many supermodel-worshipping students, causes the person not to eat, using the excuse that he is "just a vegetarian." If hugging your friend hurts because his ribs protrude through his skin and stab you, consult a professional right away.

Cures: Intravenous Big Macs

Recommended recovery centres: In E2 taking notes

Current status: An entire chapter in Adam Azimov's new book, tentatively titled *Revenge*, will be devoted to his bout with disease.

**Name: Jungle Fever, also Rossinic Plague
(*McMoranus majoralus*)**

Symptoms: Although this disease is very common, it seems to strike only white, suburban, adolescent males. Immediate signs include listening to an excess of rap music, adding "dawg" to everyone's name, writing essays in Ebonics, wearing pants with waist sizes made for pregnant women, learning symbols for the entire English language by crossing fingers and placing them across the pectoral area, and a perverse enjoyment of watching all 26 self-indulgent minutes of Puff Daddy's "Been Around the World" video.

Cures: A two-step program: (1) Slap the infected person in the face. (2) Force them to look into a mirror. In extreme cases, you may have to play some Vanilla Ice to show the person what may go wrong if they do not try to fight the disease. If step 2 doesn't work, repeat step 1 *ad infinitum*.

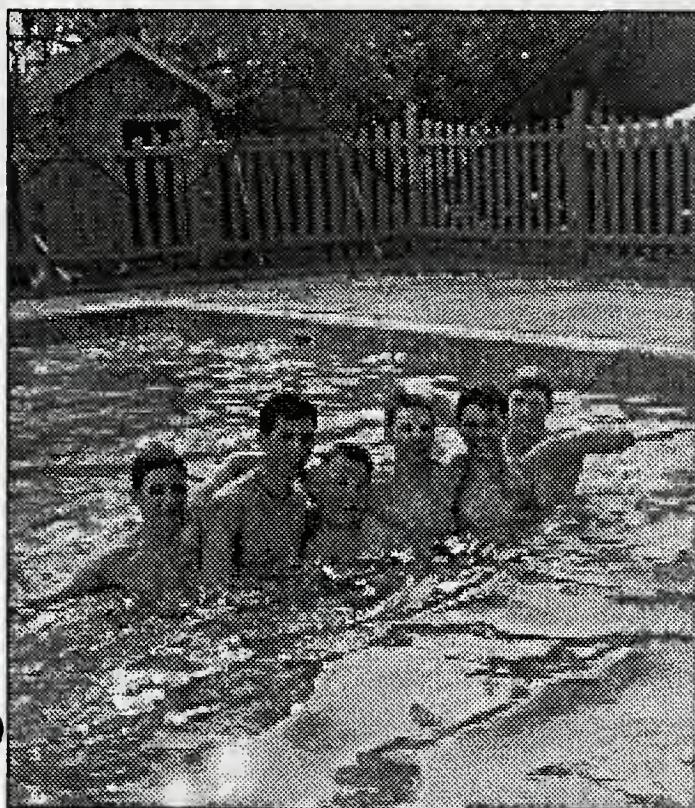
Recommended recovery centres: The kitchen at McDonalds

Current status: Apparently, 2% of all McDonalds hamburgers are infected with this virus. Or was it rat feces?

MISCELLANEOUS

Traf's Lindsay Hollinger

You may remember a feature of the head prefects of SHS, ECS, and The Study: Jordan Goldwarg, Anne Bailey, and Marie Khedigian in the last issue. For various reasons, a profile of Lindsay Hollinger was not made available to The Joint by the deadline (or three weeks after the deadline). In addition, after much soul searching, Lindsay decided that she couldn't be featured alongside the other three head prefects, since this would imply that she was on an equal plane as Jordan, Anne, and Marie. So, The Forum was planning to run a feature about Lindsay Hollinger this time around. Unfortunately, we yet again received no Lindsay Hollinger profile or picture, so here is a photo from Selwyn's Grad, instead.



More Random Pictures



Tim enjoying life in the common room - as opposed to the classroom... (above)

Caleb learning the laws of physics (below)



Bye, Bye, 97-98

SEPTEMBER

- Issue #1 of The Forum (cover: Ms. Jewer), awakening both the intellectual nerves and the hormones of high school Selly Boys
- Andrew and Clare "vibrate" at ECS
- Grade 11 goes rafting and, like every year, the class is unified for a weekend
- No. of Student council meetings: 0
- Gr. 10 loses three discman- and battery-deprived comrades
- 5000 Root Beers donated to Tuck Shop and Phys. Ed. Dept.

OCTOBER

- Issue #2 of The Forum (cover: Andrew Bourne), awakening the hormones of those high school girls who were lucky enough to read the newspaper
- Winnie the Pooh starts the trend of anonymous writing for The Forum, and Seth Ross' Deep Thoughts continue to puzzle Joe Selwyn
- Ms. Biggs scares everyone on Hallowe'en by dressing up in funky clothes (including a hat full of buttons) and screaming down Cote St. Antoine in one of those sporty cute-utes. (Or, maybe it was another day...)

By Jeremy Baskin

Well, it's time for some closure. From *Nexus* to *The Forum* to *The Joint* to possibly *The Rolling Paper* (Thanks for the suggestion, Ned), we've certainly experienced many faces of Selwyn House journalism this year. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has involved themselves in the newspaper this year. Although this may come as a surprise to some, the name of SHS's student newspaper doesn't concern me, and — with any luck — next year's editors will be able to think of a better one. Speaking of which, I'd like to announce that next year's editor will be Sam Carsley, and I hope — for his mental health — that he will have a staff. As this roller coaster of a year comes to a close, a close that can be assured not by the robin of spring but by another pathetic finish for the Habs, *The Forum* has decided to take a look back at Selwyn House's important events of 1997-98, as seen through our special journalistic goggles.

NOVEMBER

- Issue #3 of The Forum (cover: Jordan's cheating article): the head prefect shows his true colours
- SHS Senior Dance, Bournapalooza. Despite the main attraction, many QAIS students choose to see Dogs Playing Poker at the Spectrum
- A suggestive photo of John Katiforis and a phallic football pad leads to speculation about John's sex life

DECEMBER

- Exams and Christmas/ Chanukah/ Kwanza/ Winter holidays

JANUARY

- Ice Storm ravages southern Quebec, causing more than a billion dollars of damage and leaving most Montreal children out of school for nine days (but Selwyn boys for eight)
- English Department cancels first assignment in 47 years (the book talks)

FEBRUARY

- Valentine's Day: Lotfi sends six roses to every girl who ever spoke to him
- The Study's Cotillion and ECS's Mardi Gras: absence of after-parties (See March,

The Year in Review



Four couples at the SHS grad party

Spring Ball)

- Issue #4 of The Forum (cover: Ken in Black): The Battle of the Titans continues - "Thuh-up, Gawoofi!"

MARCH

- Spring Ball: Grade 9, whose parents broke the SHS tradition of good clean after-party fun, are left to seek amusement on their own after the Ball ends
- March Break: Thankfully, it is not touched by the Ice Storm aftermath!!! (See Easter Monday)
- Senior Hockey wins a regular season game (See April Fools)

APRIL

- Expos' Opening Day, April 1: They won!!! (April Fool's...)
- Senior Play, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

are Dead: Note to future Saturday night audience members - Don't leave during the intermission to get to the "cast" party before the cast does.

- Speaking of Selwyn parties: "Won Jun Bae! Won Jun Bae!"
- Illustrated Poetry Contest: Michael Durcak wins first prize, again.
- Issue #1 of The Joint (cover: The Rock): nude pictures of high school boys and girls frolicking in the hallways of their Westmount schools

MAY

- Four grads = one big blur... Good luck on your exams!



John is accountable for his actions

ANOTHER ANONYMOUS WRITER

Flashbacks

By Edge, SHS

*****DISCLAIMER*****

My job here is to provide alternate perspectives on the articles appearing in past issues of The Forum. I am not trying to insult anyone personally, and the The Forum staff do not necessarily share my views. I refer to anonymous writers as male (SHS being a boy's school, and having no indication if a writer is a female). I have no idea who any of the anonymous writers are, so don't ask me.

Jeremy Baskin did another fine job in the publication of *The Forum*. I approve the initiative of getting perspectives from two other schools. However, one article crossed my ever-so-critical mind: the introduction of Piglet, the one blemish on an otherwise fine publication.

Where does this guy come from? His entire article was based on two things: insulting Winnie the Pooh and showing off his anonymity. I approve of neither.

First, Piglet goes into great detail about how he's Winnie the Pooh's arch-nemesis. He seems to hate Winnie the Pooh. Piglet likes to think of Pooh as "girly" (what's so bad about being of the female persuasion?), he insults the actions of Pooh in the various stories by A. A. Milne, and he calls him a horizontally-gifted, mentally-decapitated, honey-abused bear." This is character assassination (something Jeremy tries to eliminate, according to his article in *The Joint*).

[Editor's note: For those of you detectives who are trying to figure out who is the author of this article, note that he/she actually read Jeremy's editorial in the last issue. That should rapidly thin out your list.]

I have drawn several conclusions about Piglet.

First off, it seems to me that either Piglet knows who Pooh is, or he's just trying to gain a little fame by bringing down another writer. Maybe Piglet and Pooh are the same person (I'm leaning towards this theory, myself). Either way, he's twisted. I could be accused of character assassination as well, but I'm innocent; Piglet seems to have killed his own credibility already.

I'm sending a message to Piglet, whoever he may be, to either apologize to Pooh and move on to other topics or to stop writing in *The Forum*. I don't think anyone has the right to just jump in and insult someone, out of the blue.

That aside, the articles from visiting writers improved the paper for outside readers; other than Jeremy and Jordan's articles (and a couple of other exceptions), most of the contributions to *The Forum* are designed to make Selwyn House students laugh.

[Editor's mental note: Kill Edge.]

Other people who have read *The Forum* have commented that a lot of the articles are "stupid" or "make no sense." I'm not disapproving of the writing quality of *The Forum*; most of the articles I find hilarious. I only noticed an "intelligent" writing gap between Selwyn House and the three guest schools, ECS, The Study, and Trafalgar. Just something to think about.

Finally, an appeal: write more articles! It's not Jeremy's fault that articles like Piglet's [Editor's note: Or this one] appear in *The Forum*; there aren't enough articles to warrant rejection.

Any comments on this article can be put in the suggestion box outside of E2. I will bring up some comments made by other students in other issues of *The Forum*. After all, I'm here to present "alternate viewpoints."

PIGLET, ETC.

Scoping out the Competition

By Sam Walker, SHS

DISCLAIMER: It's late, I'm tired and the *Mirror* just happened to be by the TV. Therefore, I am in no way responsible for the contents of this article.

The Forum, ladies and gentlemen, is faced with a grave problem. This is that it doesn't make any money. The primary purpose of any publication is to put out a profit, and unfortunately our beloved newspaper doesn't accomplish this. [Editor's note: I won't get into it now, but I disagree completely with this last statement.]

The first solution I can think of is to charge for it. However, that would probably defeat the whole purpose of the newspaper, so forget that. Besides, we know that free newspapers can make money, as long as they're popular enough to get advertisements. Aha, a plan!

Now, we all know that the Top Ten lists, the indexes, the Deep Thoughts and the A.A. Milne wars are great. But the fact remains that we just don't have enough sex (interpret this any way you want).

Take, for example, a successful Montreal, free publication, the *Mirror*. I believe the *Mirror* is the most successful free paper in

our city. Logical conclusion: we should be more like the *Mirror*. So, what does it mean to be more like the *Mirror*? One word: sex.

In "research" for this article I leafed through a couple of issues of the *Mirror* which were lying around the house. Firstly, the headlines said it all. Here are a few choice selections: "Satanic orgies," "It's nipples away at Star Trek Communicator," the ever-popular "Punk rock sex forum," "When a woman loves a woman" (that one's for you JW), "Winterlube" (this one wasn't actually sex-related, but I thought a least someone would get a kick out of it), "The love bloat," and finally, my favourite, "Sickgirl and pervert." Oh my. But, just think how popular it would be!

The articles are only the first dimension. With sex articles come sex ads, and even better, sex classifieds. Now, they need not be explicit. After all, *The Forum* has to stay suitable for the kiddies. For example, I found this one quite amusing: "SUPER massage given by a NICE LOOKING GUY."

The one main problem with all of this is that we have to count on the students to be horny and perverted so they will submit articles and want-ads. Then again, some might argue that's not really a problem.

Sex, Kilts, Golf & Barbarians

By Piglet

It's over. It's finally over. A weekend of torture and pain is finally over. What, you might ask, happened to Piglet this most wonderfully short Easter holiday? Well, to start things off, I lost my phone (Don't ask.) and so wasn't able to amuse myself by making prank calls to Winnie. Last weekend he threatened to get caller ID and ask his best-friend Shannon Miller to stalk me, so maybe it was all for the better. At least, that's what I thought.

It was a dejected and extremely bored Piglet that slouched in front of the television on a Saturday afternoon and began flipping through the channels. This took several minutes because I stayed an extra long time on the blurry channels to see if I could make anything out (I still say channel 69 is not being exploited to its full potential). I gave up, and eventually landed upon The Masters, the world's supreme golf tournament. First, I got to watch an hour long documentary on American golfer Bobby Jones, founder of the tournament. The only highlight was that it was narrated by Sean Connery (Yipee!). After some cultural education on the sport's history, I braced myself for a rip-roaring, full-contact, intense and exciting... uh... golf tournament! Boy oh boy, was

continued on p.20

DAVE MATTHEWS BAND

The Masters Suck

Piglet, continued from p.19

Piggy disappointed!

First, let's examine this game for a bit. At first glance, golf seems civilised, an aristocrat's sport. However, being my introspective self, I realised that golf is really a game for barbarians. Firstly, this most interesting game was invented by the Scots, whom we all know from personal experience (i.e. watching *Braveheart*) are savages who wear kilts and like plaid. Aside from the kilts, golf is much the same. Take one look at Ernie Els and don't tell me you're not afraid of getting your hand chewed off if you come too close.

And then, there's the whole barbaric premise. Take your club and whack a ball as far and as hard as possible to try and stuff it into a little hole (pause for perverted laughter).

'Nuff said.

Now that we've established the game is barbaric, why was Piglet bored? We all know that savage, pointless games are the most fun; for example, our beloved hockey. Then I hit upon it. Golf is really a game for retired barbarians, those who've given up the plaid kilt in exchange for a life of relaxation. We don't want relaxation, we want clubs to the head, balls in the balls and brawls on the green! However, golf is truly the only game where a 58 year-old can compete. Now, don't get me wrong. This could be a good thing. But, next year, when the PGA implements the new full-contact rules (that is, IF they read any of my letters), people like Nicklaus will be demolished by the terrifying Ernie Els and the striped Tiger.

But through all this, somehow I was captivated by the tournament. Was it Fred Couples' rugged good looks, or was it CBS's sappy, emotional music? Maybe this game does have potential... If only we'd had Monday off so I could ponder this situation, rent *Braveheart*, decide whether to switch into golf (would I need a kilt? Questions, too many questions...), look for my phone, and spend some time fiddling with my antenna to see if I can get the blurry channels to clear up... You're all sick perverts.

All You Need To Know About Life Is In A Dave Matthews World

By Theo Doulamis, ECS

I'm on the bus to Ottawa to see Dave Matthews in concert. Thousands follow him around the continent. Why? I asked myself the same question when "they" told me to write an article about graduating and the future, for this newspaper. What do I know about life to offer anyone words of wisdom? Nothing. Why should anyone listen to me? They shouldn't. I sit here, not really wanting to write this article because I know no one is going to read about my thoughts on what you should do in your life. I'm suddenly realizing while listening to my walkman where the answers to life's questions can be found: in any Dave Matthews song. Don't roll your eyes at me! If you listen carefully, he writes about complete happiness within his lyrics.

I'll show you: "What I want is what I've got, but what I need is all around me. Reaching searching never stop." *Translation: Reach for the stars (knowing most of you maybe you'll get halfway)* "I find sometimes it's easy to be myself, sometimes it's better to be somebody else." *Translation: Adapting is a necessity.* "Whatever tears at us, whatever holds us down, and if nothing can be done we'll make the best of what's around." *Translation: If you're graduating from a single sex school and you're still sane, you've had enough of making the best with what's around.* I think you've already nailed this one. "Eat drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." *Translation: It might sound depressing but he's trying to say carpe diem (for all those illiterate people that means seize the day in Latin).* "Hike your skirt up a little more and show the world to me. In a boy's dream." *Translation: So that's what you guys think about when you say you want to travel.* "I take a drink sit back relax, smoke my mind make me feel better for a small time." *Translation: Hey, who put that in there?*

So there you have it. My views on life according to Dave. If you don't want to listen to what he has to say, then write the lyrics to your life. Adios, everyone; have a nice summer and if I don't see you again, have a nice life.

DEEP THOUGHTS

By Seth Ross

For my last installment of Deep Thoughts, I would like to thank anyone who has ever read these offerings, especially those who read them regularly. I'd like to thank The Forum/Joint for providing me with an outlet for my inane musings and random babbling. A special thanks goes to Jeremy Baskin, our editor who has resurrected this paper from the Nexus and turned it into something about which we can all be proud. For those of you out there who yearn for more Deep Thoughts, all I can say is hang in there through the long, hot summer, and perhaps, perhaps, there may be some more next year. I will leave you all with one final Deep Thought and a collection of my favorite Deep Thoughts.

Sometimes, as I sit at home, in front of a blank computer screen, watching the cursor blink on, off, on, off, on, off... I get sleepy... My eyes droop... I drift slowly into oblivion... I awake several hours later, feeling violated. My computer just sits and stares knowingly. Sometimes I wonder what I would go through for the school paper...

Sometimes, when I'm walking quietly out the school during a fire drill, I wonder: If the school was taken over by a fanatical group of terrorists who held everyone at gunpoint, could they get us to act like a "Civil Community?"

Sometimes when I'm in Madame Werbiski's French class I wonder: If Aliens from another planet landed in Quebec and didn't speak English or French, would they be forced into French schools?

Sometimes when I'm sitting at lunch feasting on one of Normand's delicacies I wonder:a) If people like to drink Iced tea, why not drink a mug of piping hot Coke? b) If someone found one of Normand's fingers floating in the soup, would anyone be surprised? c) Would people go back for seconds?

Sometimes when I'm staring vacantly into my calculator during Mr. Lumsden's math class I wonder: what kind of deranged mathematician would make his life's work out of calculating Pi to the two billionth digit? I bet it was just so he could use it in a pick-up line: "Hey baby, I know Pi..."

Sometimes, when I'm in Mr. Wearing's student awareness class I wonder, at 8:25 on a Monday morning, are any of us really "aware"?

Sometimes, when I'm huddled in the dark and cold in my house with my family during a power outage, I look around and wonder, if we were trapped in here for weeks without food, which one of us would be eaten first? Behind me, my brother stares and drools.

This weekend, I took a moment away from doing homework to closely observe my dog. I looked deep into his penetrating brown eyes and wondered: which one of us is truly the master? My thoughts were interrupted as he savagely yanked the choke chain around my neck.

Sometimes, in Mme. Rocheleau's homeroom class, I look at the huddled mass of Battletech players and wonder: what if life on this world is really just one big game of Battletech that God plays with his buddies? What if each one of us was a card in his deck? How much would my card be worth?

LOVE ME TENDER...

An Homage to Elvis

By Celina Nahanni, The Study

It's hard to believe that it's been over 20 years since Elvis died. And yet he's still going strong, selling as well as ever, his home turned museum, Graceland, is the second most visited home in America, second to the White House. And it's still hard to believe that Elvis isn't still kicking as though it was 1956. He was the dominant musical force in the fifties and sixties. And now, his original fans are in their fifties and sixties, and they still love him.

Elvis Aaron Presley was born (or as some may say, arrived) to Vernon and Gladys Presley in Tupelo Mississippi on January 8th 1935. His identical twin brother Jesse Gardon died at birth. His family moved to Memphis in 1949 where Elvis made his musical debut. For four dollars he recorded two songs, 'My Happiness' and 'That's When Your Heartaches Begin', for his mother on her birthday at Sun Records. A copy of the recording found its way into the hands of the President of Sun

Records, Sam Philips, he was immediately impressed by Elvis and signed him to record two songs. The copy of the recording sold six thousand copies in one week. Elvis then found himself a manager named Andreas van Kuijk, an illegal Dutch immigrant who renamed himself "Colonel" Thomas A. Parker. His popularity rocketed upwards after that, by 1956, he was nothing short of a phenomenon recording five consecutive number one hits that same year.

Elvis appeared on the Ed Sullivan show three times, the third time he was only allowed to be filmed

from the waist up to keep his undulating hips from polluting the minds of impressionable young viewers as he performed the huge success 'Don't be Cruel'. Elvis recorded the most number of consecutive number one hits in rock and roll history. He starred in 31 movies throughout his career including 'Love Me Tender' and 'Girl Happy'.

In 1957 he met a fourteen year old girl named

Pricilla Beaulieu while stationed in Germany during WWII. They were married in 1967, followed by the conception of their daughter Lisa Marie a few months later. Sadly, divorce was filed in 1973 due to the extensive touring Elvis was doing which was putting strain on his marriage.

Towards the end of his career Elvis became something of a drug addict, he gained a noticeable amount of weight, and secluded himself in Graceland. On August 16 1977 at 2:30 pm, Elvis Presley (or someone who looked a lot like him), was found unconscious in his Memphis home, he was pronounced dead one hour later at

Baptist Memorial Hospital. The cause of death was said to be a heart attack, he was wearing blue pajamas.

Most people don't so much concentrate on the 1970s Elvis anymore, rather the Elvis from the 1950s. When he was the epitome of 'cool', and that's the way I want to remember him as well.

And so, even though it's been a while since Elvis left the building, his memory is as vivid as ever. So he does live on, only I wish he were here to see it.



Caleb kissing Mark, both of them wearing kilts. **Do not question.**

SATIRE FROM TRAFALGAR

The Perfect Girlfriend

The perfect girlfriend would be extremely pretty. She'd be curvy, not fat; thin, not bony. Her breasts would be full -- not too small, but not so big as to make canteloupes jealous. She would have pearly white teeth and beautiful eyes. Her smile would melt ice.

Remembering her partner's birthday and all of their monthly anniversaries, she would also get along very well with her beau's parents. She'd please the mother by baking her scrumptious brownies and would impress the father with her knowledge of sports. She would be smart, but not smarter than her superior boyfriend.

In addition, she would be romantic and loving, always ready to please her partner. She would be an awesome sex machine, even though she was a virgin before having met her partner. He wouldn't have to wear a condom, because she would be responsible with the Pill and would believe his claim to have no STD's. As a result, she would never worry her boyfriend by getting pregnant.

She would tolerate but not flirt with her beau's friends, ignoring their obsessions with pornography and pro sports. Her extensive knowledge of sports would have her serve as a kind of sports encyclopedia to enrich the conversation. Her musical tastes would conform to those of her lover, as would her TV, radio, and movie preferences.

Her frequent love letters to her boyfriend would be long, as she would never tire of reminding him how much she loves him. If this couple ever did break up, the girlfriend would not cry or make a scene about being dumped. She'd admit to herself that the relationship was over and stay home for a couple of weekends before resuming her life.

The Perfect Boyfriend

The perfect boyfriend is always on time. He patiently waits for you in your living room and has no trouble chatting up a storm with your father about golfing, or with your mother about cooking and gardening. He will graciously apologize, shying away to the washroom to fix his tie and make himself beautiful, which he always is. He returns with a wide smile, ready to resume the conversation about bridge with your mother.

Once you're ready, he'll greet you with a smile, no matter how long he's waited. He firmly shakes your father's hand, confirming the date of their next golf game and gently kisses your mother on the hand. You leave with your arms linked together, and only kiss each other hello once you've reached his Mercedes.

Having arrived at the party, you are greeted by everyone, since your boyfriend is not only the star football, rugby, and hockey player, but also the best looking guy in town. He doesn't talk to other girls unless they're your friends, and he doesn't approach them unless you're around. He's smart and always holds up his end of the conversation, even if the topic is not his favorite one.

He attends all your soccer, volleyball, and ringette games with more devotion than a soccer mom. He constantly reminds you of your abundance of both outer and inner beauty, and loves taking you shopping and buying you things. Remember the time he hired the Backstreet Boy to sing at your Sweet Sixteen? In addition, he would never pressure you into doing anything you don't want to do. He has never done drugs and always refuses alcohol. As a result, he's usually the designated driver. Most importantly, he respects your virginity as much as you do.

Radiohead's Concert O.K.

By Daisy Lopez, Traf

Twenty-four hours after Radiohead's 3000-seat sold out concert, many would have said that the concert was just okay. I've been to many concerts and I would have said the the concert was okay, too. I didn't expect a lot because I haven't been to a Radiohead concert before, but like many concerts I would say I got what I paid for. Radiohead didn't have TV screens or Popmart backdrops. All they had were five guys playing music and some eye-blinking lights. Most people who went to their August concert at Metropolis said that the sound was much better and that you felt more connected to the band. The concert was simple. During the encores, the crowd started to chant, "Creep, Creep," to which Tom replied, "No, that's boring..." The crowd kept chanting. Then, he said, "No, f*** you, we're going to do The Tourist, by Elvis Costello. You're a great audience!" When the band left the stage the crowd was in shock. They couldn't believe that Radiohead didn't play Creep for the last number, as they usually do.

I asked around, met people on the street, and talked to my friends about their comments on the concert and their reaction to the Creep issue. Many said that they thought it was unfair and wanted to hear songs such as Creep and others. Some Radiohead

freaks said that they paid to hear songs like Creep and that Radiohead was being paid to play the songs that their fans like. Others were disappointed that the band didn't play Creep, but understood that they wrote the song a while ago and were probably getting tired of singing it or didn't want to end the concert with Creep yet again.

Radiohead, possibly one of the bands of the decade, was nominated for two Grammys, taking home the award for Best Album of 1998. The band's first album, Pablo Honey, was only noted for the song Creep. The next, more mellow and more popular album, The Bends, showed the world that Blur wasn't the only British group with talent. This album had such hits as Fake Plastic Trees, High & Dry, Spirit Street (fade out) and Just that created an enormous amount of new Radiohead fans and kept their old fans craving for more.

This year, Radiohead released O.K. Computer. This album has given them the title of "Band of the Century" [Editor's note: Well, I don't know. I thought it was the year of Puff Daddy...], and has won them numerous awards. Songs like Airbag, Electioneering, Paranoid Android, Let Down, and Karma Police simply blow your mind away. Their lyrics are original and their sound is phenomenal. This band is definitely more than O.K. to me...



Jamie, Rock, Gabe, Zubonge, Bourner, and Macdaddy at SHS Grad

Attack of the Ray-Ban Men

“The people we love to hate”

By Sam Carsley, SHS

I was standing in line at Dairy Queen one afternoon when an ear-shattering combustional roar drew my attention away from a Blizzard poster hung from the ceiling. The gasoline roar came from a sleek, aerodynamic Porsche. Out of this culmination of mankind's thirst for power stepped the embodiment of modern day materialism. People would pay big bucks to see this guy and Karl Marx duke it out at centre ring. This guy must have thought he was the king of the world. All the way from his Ray Ban sunglasses to his Gucci loafers, he oozed a materialist aura, complemented nicely by the perpetual expression of impatience in his countenance. This is the type of rich bastard who thinks that everything that goes wrong is done specifically to piss him off. Out of the passenger-side door stepped a boy who was no doubt his son, a rich bastard-in-training. Having not yet attained the age of Ray Banism, he sported a pair of three hundred dollar Oakleys. He followed quickly on the heels of his false idol of a father like a gangly puppy.

This capitalist pig, with his Porsche double-parked, sauntered

into the DQ and quickly assessed the scene: five people in line, one cash open, and two people behind the counter. With one's car dou-

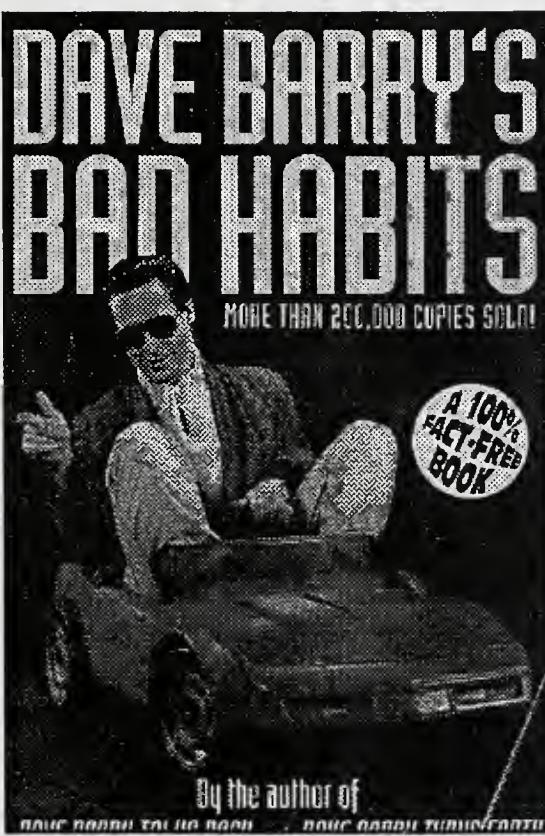
and leave, his massive roll of bills already being pulled from his pocket. The owner, obviously used to such types, told the rich jackass that he had to wait in line with the rest of the plebians.

Ray Ban man did not take kindly to this. He tossed the box back into the cooler and left, muttering a few bitchy comments to his son, loud enough so that the man behind the counter could hear. The man left with his head held high. He felt he had won, somehow. In his mind, he had instilled

in the management a sense of self-doubt and awe of his great being. This image was shattered, however, when Ray Ban man had to slink back into the DQ to retrieve his keys, forgotten on the counter as he tried to rise above society's rules.

There are far too many of these Ray Ban men, and Ray Ban women, in society today.

They are the people we love to hate, the people we watch and laugh at from our comfortable middle-class existences, appreciating the fact that their rich, abrasive personalities make our poorer, simpler lives seem that much more fulfilling.



bled parked, a normal person would have left, parked the car and come back. But not this fellow, no. He walked to the cooler at the side of the DQ, grabbed a box of ice cream sandwiches, and walked straight to the front of the line. He leaned over the counter and asked, with an annoyed edge to his voice, if he could pay for the box quickly

HUMOR

THE JEREMY INDEX

I guess what goes around comes around... A couple of Study-ites and one Torontonian banded together to produce a Jeremy Baskin index.

**By: Sharon Ho, Niki Popper,
and Andrea Heckler**

1. Number of people Jeremy asked nicely to write articles for *The Forum*: 120
2. Number of people who enthusiastically contributed articles for *The Forum*: 1 (including Jeremy)
3. Ratio of articles written due to pity versus disgust of Jeremy's whiny guilt trip: 2:3
4. Number of times Jeremy has seen Elaine dancing: 1 (very disappointed...)
5. Number of people (including Jeremy) who know the true spelling of "Bobka" (sp?): 1
6. Number of times Jeremy has played at Carnegie Hall: 1
7. Number of people who care: 3 (including his loving parents)
8. Number of jokes Jeremy knows: 12
9. Number of jokes Jeremy knows that are about music: 12
10. Ratio of boxes of Altoids consumed daily in Canada to number of boxes consumed daily by Jeremy: 10:9

WORD JUMBLE

By Justin Greenberg

CRONII _____ () () _____

DEIRBU _____ () _____

NNHASAAV () _____ () _____ () _____ ()

ILOSRA _____ () () _____

TENIBAC () _____

TENIMU _____ () _____

SAWCHE _____ () _____

MOTERE _____ () _____

Take all the letters in parentheses and rearrange them a phrase with this clue:

Why students are shouting with glee.

Here are the answers to last issue's Word Jumble:

Since the editor erased last month's words (on the computer) and is too lazy to find Justin or a copy of the last newspaper, *The Forum* regrets that the real words won't be printed. I guess they'll stay forever jumbled in our minds. And our hearts. Nevertheless, I do remember the answer to the clue at the end: Ike, Hitler, and Oprah all fought the *Battle of the Bulge*!

WINNIE THE POOH FIGHTS BACK!

Driving

Fast cars - big engines - me and my minivan - Triple-Bicarb-Front-Loop modules and Old Ladies in Walkers

By Winnie the Pooh, SHS

But first, a short word to my animated colleagues:

They've all begun to come out of the wood-work. The entire animated posse from the 100 Acre Wood seems to have turned on their pubescent aggression on the one that started the anonymity game.

Let us begin with Piglet: the stuttering, colloquial swine whose one talent lies in making himself sound like a jackass. I have four words for you: What are you saying? This cowardly lout has picked a character that most probably suits his personality: a nervous, stuttering, insecure barnyard animal that depends on Pooh to supply him with fodder for his character. His attacks are devoid of any depth or thought. Suppose I stop writing, what or whom will you attack next? You need me. His article lacked creativity or humour. The cryptic hints became annoying after the second paragraph. He seemed more enchanted with pouring over every excruciating detail of his anonymity than coming up with anything remotely funny. Get a clue, Piggy: no one cares! It's what you write that counts. I've seen my three year old brother write more interesting stuff than your article.

Eeyore's letter, touching as though it may have been and containing many sly, cryptic comments and allusions, was not appreciated by yours truly. Her jeopardization of my anonymity, without consultation, was fairly insulting and annoying. Now, having said that and having pulled the metaphysical daggers from my back, I proceed with this issue's column:

Driving, to me, is the ultimate form of transportation. You're perfectly still and you're moving. You're inside and you're outside at the same time. [Editor's note: A Barq's to the first person who tells the editor who originally said those last three sentences. Nice try, Winnie.] You can sip at a coffee and listen to the radio while you whiz by pedestrians at fifty kilometres per hour. It's fabulous.

Having recently received my permit, I took to the road under the scrutinizing eye of my mother. I was expecting a quiet drive in some parking lot in the middle of nowhere. But no, my mother said, drive me down Sherbrooke and back... Death. This decree drained the blood from my face. I knew my mother to be a reasonably safe, conservative woman. Not the type that tosses the keys to her kid and proposes, for a first drive, to set out on one of the busiest streets in Montreal.

I hesitantly accepted the suicidal proposition and step gingerly into the car. Now when I say car, I don't mean those sleek, aerodynamic testosterone machines. If I meant that I would refer to them as such. I mean a nasty, fat, wide, unattractive, goliath of a minivan. The kind of car Mom drives the soccer team to practice in on Saturday mornings. Tanks have smaller turning radii than this car. As I rolled down the street, old ladies in walkers passing me and giving me the finger, I observed a bizarre phenomenon that often occurs on the road. Ahead of me, a man in a Hummer, the military's answer to the new Beetle, and a man in a Porsche, Germany's answer to increased

continued on p.28

Hummers, Porsches, & Surburbanboxes

continued from p.27

male impotence, were engaged in an animated conversation at a red light. I rolled down my window to eavesdrop on the catatonic exchange.

Hummer: Hey, very nice, very nice.

Porsche: Thanks.

Hummer: Nice acceleration, what ya got there? Triple-bicarb neutron thrust froot-loop modules?

Porsche: Quadruple.

Hummer: Impressive. I got me a nitro epoxy mono foam twin cylinder double cam ostrich processor Cuisinart fuel injector on this baby.

Porsche: Is that with or without neutron miniature-daschund bovine crankshafts?

Hummer: Without.

Porsche: Wow.

Who in their right mind pulls up next to a complete stranger and starts talking about triple-bicarb thrust? It's ludicrous. What would you think if I came up to you on the street and started making technical comments about your shoes? You would probably deal me a swift knee to the groin and a healthy dose of Mace to the eyes. But somehow, this sort of behaviour is commonplace among members of

the RGWETATMATTBWIC (Rich Guys Who Enjoy Talking About Their Money And The Things They Buy With It Club).

As I sat listening to the two idiots babble on, I imagined what sort of technical conversations members of the MCPWHDBPBTRBWFOFC (Middle Class People Who Don't Buy Porsches Because Their Roof Box Won't Fit On Them Club) would have at red lights.

Venture: How ya doing?

Windstar: Not bad.

Venture: That's a nice looking carseat ya got. Is that the dual restraint foamrest puke caching dura plastic anti-whine 2000?

Windstar: 3000.

Venture: Nice.

Windstar: Thanks. Is that roof box the ultra-stretch, too-much-crap-but-we-think-we-will-need-all-of-it, Thule Surburbanbox?

Venture: You know it.

Windstar: Impressive.

Different worlds. But for some reason, I just don't see people in minivans talking about things like that. Maybe it's because we don't have any miniature-daschund bovine crankshafts to brag about.

The End of Barbie

By Anonymous, Trafalgar

The stampede of vicious, heartless dinosaurs ran wildly toward the Barbie. She stared in horror at the sight before her. Incredulous, she stood and awaited her untimely death. The dinosaurs got closer, and closer, picking up speed. The doll tried to fall to her knees, but her plastic legs rendered her helpless. She ended up on her face. She could hear the heavy steps resounding, and she felt the vibration of the ground. Not able to get up because of her locked knees, she shrieked, "Help me!" But she knew she was alone. As the dinosaurs' sound got louder and louder, she finally got up and tried to scurry to safety. Unfortunately, poor Barbie was too late. The dinosaurs caught up and pounded Barbie deep into the ground, where not even Ken would find her.

What to do this Summer?

By Ayesha Harji, ECS

Summer is, as we all know, fast approaching. There arises a question at this point and time that we all must ask before entering into these TWO AND A HALF BEAUTIFUL MONTHS OF FREEDOM. What am I going to do this summer? Listed below are a few suggestions of what to do this whole summer instead of vegging out in front of the TV. Of course, after hearing some of my suggestions, that may be a valid option...

Jobs, Jobs, Jobs / Which are good? / Which are bad? / Jobs, Jobs, Jobs / Ask your mom or ask your dad!

Getting a job is an option that although you may not enjoy it, your parents will be very happy with. Who am I kidding? We already do so much for our parents (going to school, for example). How many people in their right mind go to school if not because their parents force them to?). Seriously though, take a job for better reasons like: A) freebies (McDonalds employees get free food, don't they?) or B) scoping out hot guys or girls depending on what you like (malls are an excellent place for this). There are other great reasons to get a job that are beneficial to you, yourself, and no one else. It brings in moolah that you can use to pay for all the con-

certs coming up or for all your night hobbies like going out. What else more could you want?

You could start a band (can you tell I'm already out of ideas?) It's a great way to annoy the heck out of your parents and neighbors but it's a good

Top Five Things to do This Summer:

5. Start a Band
4. Join the YMCA
3. Review last year's schoolwork
2. Hunt for celebrities
1. Veg out in front of the tube

excuse for doing absolutely nothing all summer. You can say you are thinking of lyrics by just sitting in your garage and strumming your electric guitar.

You can join a lot of clubs and do tons of sports like tennis or join the YMCA and work out your body all summer so that you can come back to school

in September looking nice and buff.

You can study and review all your past grade stuff all summer and then go psycho t all your friends in September. Of course, this is a dull goal but if you are THAT bored, well then go knock yourself out!

You could go celeb hunting. There are reportedly tons of stars going to be here this summer. Everyone from Pierce Brosnan to Bette Midler, Leonardo DiCaprio, and the Spice Girls as well as the Backstreet Boys are going to be here at one time or another. Go search for them and you could be quite the lucky person. You never know!

Now that you have heard some of my summertime suggestions, vegging out in front of the TV may be a valid option. HAVE a great summer, folks!!!

THE SELWYN INDEX

No. of skits done in improv each week: 8

No. of inappropriate skits done in improv each week: 8

No. of minutes spent playing recess soccer each day: 47

No. of recess minutes per day: 30

No. of schools open on Easter Monday (worldwide): 1 (but we're not bitter)

Percentage of cast party money that will further Michael O'Gorman's dance career: 70

No. of seconds in a staring match between Mr. Nicoll and a LRRP before the LRRP finally cracks: 550

No. of Macaulay Bldg. windows that have abducted Won Jun Bae: 1

No. of minutes Asim Khan spent physically separated from his date at grad: 2

No. of SHS overnight trips this year: 9

No. of "Don't find yourself in my office in tears on Monday morning" speeches give this yr: 9

Date that Viagra came onto the market: April 21

Date that Gr. 11's received a hands-on tutorial on how to use a condom: April 22

Millilitres of Barq's drunk by members of the SHS community this year: 1.3 million



Photo by Dick Bourne

Andrew Bourne and Camilo Durana enjoying life